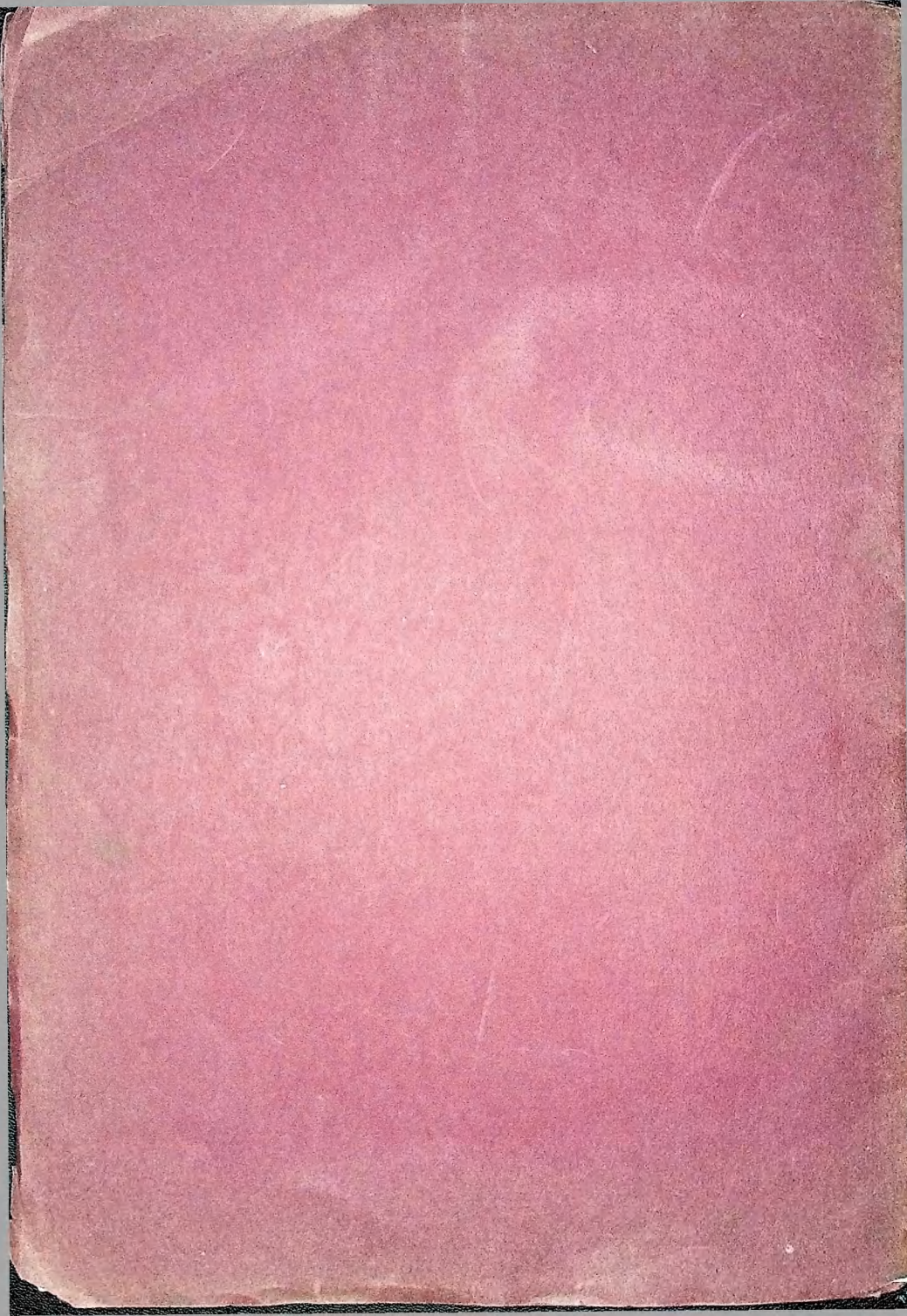


FOUR
CORNERS

MARCH,
1913



Four Corners

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1913

NO. 1



Literary



James Longwood

LONGWOOD Mansion was situated in a small Maine town. It was a large old-fashioned building, made of red sandstone, with large bay windows, oval shaped doors and granite steps, surrounded by a large green lawn and gravel walks. Here lived Mr. and Mrs. Longwood.

The Longwood family were wealthy and of English descent, fond of their money, but fonder of their pride, for which reason they mingled but little with their poorer neighbors. James Longwood, their only child, when a lad of twenty, left his home one night, for some unknown reason, and stepped out into the world, poor and penniless to fight his way alone.

Ten years had passed, since that night; ten times the winter snows had come and gone, when up the gravel walk leading to the Longwood mansion came a man, tall and slight, with dark hair and dark eyes. He was poorly but neatly dressed in a black suit and wore a black hat. Walking up the granite steps, he rang the bell, and was admitted to the house by a servant.

The servant, not at all pleased at being disturbed from his reading, asked the man, in an unpleasant tone of voice, whom he wished to see.

"Mr. Longwood," said the stranger, bowing gravely.

Mr. Longwood soon came into the room, and after glancing at the man and making sure that he was a total stranger said: "I believe you are the man who wished to see me, and as you are a stranger, may I ask you to state who you are and what you wish?"

A look of anger passed over the stranger's face. He jumped to his feet, screaming, "Who am I, you ask who I am, you call me a stranger! Father don't you know me or don't you want to?"

Mr. Longwood dazed at first, at last found voice to answer. "Of course my son, we are ready to receive you home." Mrs. Longwood was called into the room, and at the first sight of her long, lost son, burst into tears. After he had been welcomed by both of his parents and received into his home, Mr. Longwood said, "James, now tell us why you left home, and what you have been doing? I can judge from your appearance that you have not met with very good success."

"Father, you know how strict you and mother always were with me," said James, "never allowing me to keep company with the other boys of the neighborhood? But you forced me into the society of the higher class, wishing me to marry what you call a perfect girl. I knew that your idea of a perfect girl and mine were different. For you called a girl perfect, if she were handsome and her father worth a million. Getting tired of this company and longing for some adventure, I began to think of leaving home, and when father scolded me for speaking to one of the neighbors, that was enough.

"My temper was at a boiling point and I resolved that when the sun again arose in the heavens I would not be at Longwood. Then I went to my room at nine o'clock, and putting in a small bundle a few things I would need, when the house was quiet I stole out through the front door. I went into Union Station, boarded a train and went to Massachusetts, arriving there late the next day.

"I was then in the large city of Boston, without friends and only fifty dollars in money. I began to realize what was before me, but I was too proud to return home. I found a cheap boarding-house, where my funds would enable me to stay for a while, and I started out in search of work. This was the hardest yet. After a while I got work as a factory boy. This was hard at first, for I had never done a day's work before in my life. Oh! how my hands and feet would ache when I went to my boarding-place at night. Often with a supper of bread and coffee, I would lie down on my coarse hard bed. Life went on dreary enough for two years, and at the

end of that time the factory closed and I was out of work. I was never again able to get steady work. I roamed about the city doing odd jobs. Many nights have I slept in the park; many a day have I gone without eating. Part of the life that I have led that I do not wish to tell it.

A few days ago, tired and sick, I decided to return home to see if my parents would forgive me and receive me as their child. I started from Boston and arrived at the Union Station this morning. I walked out here from Portland because I had not a cent left to pay my car fare. I hardly knew the place when I arrived. The house had been changed so much that I was not sure it was home until I saw the name on the door-plate."

"This place changed," said Mr. Longwood, "to be sure, a few new houses have been built and our home has had a few repairs."

"Ah! father," said James, "I can see the changes better than you. New homes have been built and hardly a house looks as it did ten years ago. I can see the greatest change in our home. The windows when I left came to the floor, and now they are replaced by smaller ones, with large panes of glass. There are also bay windows in some of the rooms. Gravel walks have been built and our small hayfield turned into a lawn.

"Mother and father you, have also changed, and I fear that I have caused the worn, sad look that mother wears. I have learned a good lesson and I would gladly warn other boys if I could to do as their parents wish and stay at home. It may seem hard at first, but it can scarcely be compared with fighting your way in the world, without your father's advice and your mother's love."

* * * * *

After the return of James Longwood to Longwood Mansion, the family lived quietly at home. James was a changed man. He cared for his parents as any loving son should, yet he seldom appeared on the streets.

LUCRETIA SARGENT, '15.

The Village Gossip

Behind the tilted window-blinds
The Village gossip stands,
The gossip, a spinster old is she,
With long and bony hands;
And the scraggly beardlet on her face
Is not unlike a man's.

Her hair is sandy, thin and long;
She always carries a fan.
Her ears are keen for anything,
She hears whate'er she can,
And looks the whole town in the face,
For she fears not any man.

Week in week out, as she prys about,
Her unruly member will go
As if hung-mid-way to wag at both ends,
With a sound the people know;
Like an automobile on a long up-grade
When the gasoline is low.

And children on their way from school
Knock at the gossip's door.
Then as her Witch-like face appears
• They scamper away before
She comes with bony finger raised,
To scold them all once more.

She goes on Sunday to the church
And sits in the foremost pew,
She hears the parson pray and preach
In doctrine old and true.

And then she turns to the village choir,
And scans each hat and gown;
And holy horror fills her soul
To think her church and town
Would countenance such frivolous dress
As merits the Almighty's frown.

Like a shade of some pestiferous plague
Onward through life she goes;
Each slander and scandle, reproach and disguise
She carefully seeks to disclose,
And scatter broadcast o'er the town
Before she seeks repose.

Thanks, thanks to Thee, O' kindest Fate,
That in this worldly strife
If there must be such souls as she
Such gossips must be rife,
That Thou hast passed us in the choice
To follow such a life.

H. F. TURNER.

The Breakdown of an Automobile at an Inconvenient Time

WHAT is the shouting for at the next house?" All the neighbors were asking this of one another. "Well, it's nothing more than one of those stylish, citified weddings, I 'spose, but it seems to me that they are making fuss enough for ten or a dozen." Such were the remarks of all the people who lived within half a mile of the Cobb's.

You are probably wondering what the real reason was, and what was going on. The truth had been spoken when an elderly lady said that it was one of those citified weddings, for that was the case exactly. Hon. James Cobb's eldest daughter, Pauline, was to be married that day to a very promising physician of New York.

The event was to take place at the old homestead, which certainly was a very beautiful place situated at Harrisville, in Western New Hampshire. It was one of those charming towns where country life is lived in just the way we read about in books. A house was placed here and there, with the scenery made up mostly of woods or large fields of corn.

"How much better it is to be married here in this secluded town than in the busy and suffocating city?" said Pauline, as she stood gazing upon the green hills.

That evening at seven-thirty promptly, the spoiled and haughty bride, by the side of the groom, came down the steps and entered the handsome car which was waiting for them at the door. With many "good-byes" and much waving of handkerchiefs the bridal party left the homestead for New York. At least the guests thought they would go there directly; but the plan of the travellers was to go up into the country to the mountains, instead of going directly to the city. The road was very rocky, the situation being in a lonesome part of the country. Thick heavy pines on both sides of the road made the woods seem like a dark prison in the night. It was late in October, the cold, chilly wind was very disagreeable, and more than that, black clouds were beginning to gather.

"How many more miles?" asked Pauline, in anxious tones. "I hope not many more, because I'm so afraid it's going to rain."

"Well," said the doctor, "I think that we are about half way now, just between the two towns, and a very lonesome place, too."

During their conversation they did not notice that the car was losing speed, until it came to almost a decided stop.

"Oh, now what's the trouble?" he exclaimed. "We might have known something would have happened because we did not bring our chauffeur. Why! See, the wheels will not move at all; oh! What can we do?"

Already tiny drops of rain were falling on the dry leaves and a howling wind was blowing through the trees. Pauline was so frightened that she buried her face in her hands and cried like a little child. "Oh, this is terrible, what can we do, and what will Papa say?"

"Oh, 'Polly,' do be brave," the doctor said, "for I know that we can get back home somehow, and as for myself, I do not care what people say."

After waiting a few minutes—it seemed to them hours—a low voice was heard, which seemed to be coming in their direction. Soon, a man appeared before them, holding a lantern above his head in order to investigate the trouble.

"Wall, if here haint one uv them ere critters a setting right here in the road! Say, Mister, be yer going to set there like some ere millionaire, or be ye going ter let a feller by?"

Immediately the doctor jumped from the car and stood before the man, who was dressed in light overalls, high boots and a large hat, carrying a whip in his hands, all of which gave him the effect of a typical farmer.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will carry me back to Harrisville, I'll pay you handsomely for it."

"Can't do it, nohow, mister; it's about ten miles down there, and my ole hoss is tired. But I 'spose yer gut to get hum somehow, so I'll let yer have ole John here. Being that I know yer father, young lady, I'll grant yer the favor."

Having pushed the auto to one side of the road, our friends prepared themselves for the journey homeward. Pauline's mind was troubled by dreadful thoughts, such as, their meeting with their friends in this condition. As for the doctor, had he ever been on such a ride before? How could he imagine himself riding in a team like this, behind an old crippled horse, when he was accustomed to riding in beautiful automobiles? But his heart was filled with joy, to think that they would return home safely, although their clothes might be spotted with mud. As for Pauline, she cried considerably and would not be comforted, because her pride had been injured. To think of riding in this carriage! It looked as if it had travelled miles through the mud. Broken places had been mended by stout ropes and every joint seemed to rattle under the strain.

At about ten o'clock, they caught sight of the lights of their former home and both would have been delighted, had not one question been troubling them—"How could they explain?" They

were now at the door, but in an entirely different condition from that in which they started out.

"Well, where in the world have you been?" exclaimed Pauline's father rushing out to them. It took but a few moments to explain. Then they were led into the warm parlor, where the greater part of the guests were still seated. Pauline had expected her friends to laugh and jeer at her, but on learning the circumstances they were much alarmed. They were all thankful to the farmer for his kindness, to think that the unlucky couple did not have to remain in that desolate place until morning.

Seated before the glowing fireplace, after the guests had departed, they both concluded that an automobile was a grand thing, but that they were surpassed by a horse and carriage at times.

EVA GILMAN, '13.





Editorials



VOL. II.

MARCH 1913

NO. 1

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Literary.....Elva Gilman, '13.
 Business Manager.....Dwight Libby, '13.

CLASS EDITORS

Hazel Johnson, '13, Karl Sumner, '14, Bessie Myers, '15
 Elinor Harmon, '16

Alumni Editor.....Bertha Newcomb, '10.
 Exchange Editor.....Gladys Urquhart, '15.
 Athletic Editor.....Ralph Higgins, '15
 Artistic Editor.....Ernest Libby, '15.

Four Corners is published three times during the school year by the students of Scarboro High School.

Terms: Single copies, 15 cents.

Address all communications to the Business Manager, and send all literary contributions to the Literary Editor, Scarboro, Maine.

THE aim of this little paper, dear reader, is to build up an interest in the school itself and also to gain the co-operation of the many friends and parents in the progress of the students. The object is to benefit Scarboro High School, and to foster that school spirit which should be a part of every school. As a boy is taught to love his country's flag, so should the student be taught to honor his school and to place its interests first in his endeavors. Nothing is too good or nothing is good enough unless it is the best. By working upon this—his school paper—the student benefits not only himself, but gives the readers an idea of what the school is trying to accomplish.

AS the school is the greatest factor in forming the character of the pupil, and of providing him with knowledge to perform his life's work it should have the best equipment that can be secured to give these advantages. Among the many ways of cultivating the national ability, the school is by far the most important. There are many boys and girls of the poorer classes who desire to gain an education, often in order to complete this they are obliged to work their way through school. Many times, while they are trying to work in order to become educated people—for what chance is there to-day in this land of ours for the uneducated—their friends are enjoying themselves in some passing amusement; in the end, however, those who have studied and worked for an education will be doubly rewarded.

Thus every pupil should personally feel responsible for the name of the school, and if there is any chance for improvement, make it a part of their duty to work for that improvement. We certainly want our school to rank among the best and be such that every person will speak with pride of Scarboro High School.

Let us therefore, strive to make our paper and school such that it will meet with the approbation of all.

WE would call the attention of our many friends to the fair for which the high school girls have been making preparations. Although the fair may be given while our paper is still in the hands of the printer, yet it may be of interest to our far-away friends to learn about it through the paper. The object of this fair is to raise funds for the benefit of the graduating class of 1913,—the town making no provision for such. We hope our friends will all be interested in helping us, in this a new method to us, of procuring money.

Our fair will have all the attractions offered by other first-class fairs, besides many other new and attractive features. We hope to have the presence and patronage of all the townspeople and hereby solicit contributions and ideas that will make this fair a success.

WE wish to thank all who have so willingly helped us, by financially aiding this, the second issue of the school paper. Particularly do we thank the mothers of the members of the Senior Class, who so kindly assisted at the supper given for the benefit of the paper, and the advertisers, who have again come forward with a generous supply of advertising matter. It is to these that we owe our heartfelt thanks, and for whom we hope this paper may prove a success.



Slams



Miss W— has discovered a new way in which the ancient people fought, for she said, the other day in Latin, that a tribe "rooted" the enemy.

Miss G— also has found something new, about the appearance of great men, for she was heard to say, when translating in Vergil, "He stood with outstanding ears."

Heard in the history recitation—Mr. B.: "When George II. was a little boy, his mother placed a great deal of faith in him. Speaking once concerning his power, when he should follow his father to the throne said, "Oh, let George do it. And George did it"

What play of Shakespeare's does Miss W., '16, prefer?

Ans.: "Hamlet."

Miss G—"When she saw Hector's outstretched arms, she blushed."

H. W., '16: "George W— was a lucky man. He was President of the United States."

Brulez—vous la cervelle, Monsieur Vatel, mais ne brulez pas vos sauces.

L., '13, [translating]: "Blow our your brains, Sir Vatel, but do not blow out your soup."

Miss L. "Miss G—supply the missing premise in the following enthymeme, 'This man should be sent to prison: he has perjured himself.'"

Miss G. [thoughtfully]: "All men should be sent to prison."

Miss L. "Do you mean that, Miss G—?"

Explanation of Louisiana Purchase—

Mr. B—"Only two cents per acre? How I'd like to get a farm at that price."

[A little voice from front seat]: "Yes, and then you'd get married."

The senior girls are planning to go camping next fall. "Where are they going, did you say?" "Oh! Millinocket, of course."

W—"Take the right road and keep straight for about a mile."

Pupil [translating in French]: "Her dress was tightly gathered around the waist."

Pupil's translation: "Her dress was tightly gathered around the bottom."

Principal: "Oh, no, they didn't wear hobble skirts then."

Miss W— [explaining a topic concerning a will in civics]: "The will is made in expectation of death, but if the person comes to life, it is void."

Mr. B.: "Well, Miss W—, you may tell of the formation of government in Conn."

Miss W.: "There were twelve men chosen to carry out the laws, and out of these twelve, seven were to acts as 'pillows' [pillars.]"

Principal: "Mr. J—, whose brain is the heavier, a man's or a woman's?"

Mr. J.: "Why a woman's, of course."

Principal: "Why, what proof have you?"

Mr. J.: "Well, a woman has to think what to cook every day"

Mr. B. [in physiology]: "Miss S— what would you do if your mother should scald her arm?"

Miss S.: "Why, I should probably scream."

EXTRACTS FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS

Freshman History Paper

"First, the writing was only signs, then it developed into a sort of phonetic writing, then it became cuniform, then it has grown more like this [only better.]"

Sophomore Physiology Paper

"Tobacco deadens the nerves. Anybody that smokes, most usually, is dead and don't have any life."

Senior Paper

"Suffrage should be denied, as it is unlawful for women to be punished to the same degree as men, and if the same right is given to women, the same punishments should be inflicted."

"What power would a woman have trying to enforce a law, or a bill? None, if a man, and a good-looking one at that, happened to sit down near her, and coaxed her by offering her a nice box of chocolates, she'd pass the bill in a moment, if he said so, regardless of whether or not this would be beneficial to the country."

"Where have you been my darling, my blessing, my sweet, My heart has ached to hear again the sound of those little feet?"

—Karl Sumners

LOST—The period, during the day, in which Sumner and Leary study. Finder will be rewarded.

The Junior boys' caps. Leave with conductor of Saco car.

The Tom Swift Books for Boys [and Girls]. Do not return.

FOUND:—An unknown artist. Miss Harmon.

WANTED

An alarm clock for Hamlet.

A new door to the recitation room for Duane Merrill.

The paper picked up on the floor of the main room.—Per order

Miss Litchfield.

The hats of the Junior boys. [Mr. Brown.]

Extra room for Sumner's feet. [Everybody.]

A new system of wireless telegraphy. [Misses Johnson and Gilman.]

The Seniors to eat their lunches outside of school hours. [The Janitor.]

Sweaters for pupils not satisfied with their own.

INSEPARABLE

Miss Urquhart and Miss Myers at all times.

The book-case, a note, Miss Johnson and Miss Gilman.

Miss Wentworth, '16, and her colored man.

Miss Sargent and her smile.

French verbs, after school, and the Junior class.

FAVORITE BOOKS

"Snowbound." Miss Purchase.

"Mill on the Floss." Miss Merrill.

"It is Never too Late to Mend." Otis Lary.

"Fashionable Life." Hamlet.

"Millionaire Baby." Eugene Janelle.

Ralph Royster Doyster." Miss Wentworth, '13.

SONG

"Moonlight on the Hudson." Miss Urquhart.

FACTS ABOUT SCARBORO HIGH SCHOOL

There are in Scarboro High School—

31 pupils and—30 autograph albums.

17 girls and—15 jabots.

31 pupils and—28 pairs of brown shoes.

31 pupils and—9 lunches [Mondays.]

17 girls and—18 toques.

14 boys and—12 caps.

31 pupils and—16 late [Monday, Jan. 20.]

4 teachers and—2 late [Monday, Jan. 20.]
31 pupils and—1 head bowed during the Lord's Prayer.
31 pupils and—31 chewing gum.

SCHOOL ALPHABET

A is for Annie, the pride of her class,
B is our Bessie, whom none can surpass.
C is for Clinton, whose gone from the school,
D denotes Dwight, who obeys every rule.
E is for Emma and Elva, so fair,
For Edna and Ernest a good-natured pair.
F is for Frank Herbert, who dances by rule,
G stands for Georgia, the belle of the school.
H is for Hazel and Helen, so dear,
Also for Hamlet, so much like Shakespeare.
I is the ice-pond, which all do enjoy,
J brings Janelle, the favorite boy.
K is for Karl, who walks like a king,
L is Leary, his chum, who whistles and sings.
L is also for Lucretia, who has pretty curls,
M is poor Myron, so fond of the girls.
Then comes Miss Meserve, we all call her Bertha,
And Marion, the Senior, with lessons most Worthy.
M stands for Merrill, the Sophomore twins,
N is for Nellie, whose good lesson wins.
O gives us Otis, who enjoys a run,
P is Miss Plumer, always looking for fun.
Q is quite queer, it applies to us all.
R is for Ralph Higgins, a Sophomore tall.
R is also Ruth Scamman, the queen of the Juniors,
While Richard, Raymond and Ruth Johnson win honors.
S is for study, which is too much neglected,
Also for Stanley, whose signs are inspected.
T is for the tardy ones, who get the sad looks,
U is Miss Urquhart, so fond of her books.
V for voices heard in the hall,
W the Wentworths, we have three in all.
The unknown quantities, **X**, **Y**, and **Z**,
As they come last of all, apply well to me.



Athletics



BASKETBALL

The boys of Scarboro High School, have not a fully organized team, but we are glad to say that those outside are taking a great amount of interest in basketball. As a few of our boys play on the Scarboro Athletic Club's team, we will mention some of their work.

The boys deserve a great deal of praise for they have won many games this season. The first game played resulted in an easy victory over the Burrow's Club of Portland, the score being 47 to 5 in favor of Scarboro.

The line-up was as follows:

Scarboro	Portland
Gilman, r.f.	l.b., Percival
Libby, l.f.	r.b., Garbarino
Cook, c.	c., Wayland
Wilkinson, r.b.	l.f., Payne
Ham, l.b.	r.f., Gato

Summary--Goals from floor, Gilman 7, Libby 7, Wilkinson 4, Cook, Ham, Payne, Gato. Goals from fouls, Gilman 7, Payne. Time, two twenty minute periods. Referee, Libby; scorer, Dyhe.

The Scarboro team also won over the Old Orchard in an easy victory. The first game lost was played at South Portland, the home team winning by a single point. Portland Y. M. C. A. has swamped S. A. C. once or twice, but that should not discourage our boys as these men have played at the game a long time.

The second and particularly the third team deserve mention as they are putting up good work. Most of the third team are new players, and have won much credit during this, their first year. The work of the Captain Ralph Higgins and of Clinton Higgins

predict for them as much praise as their former work at baseball. Probably no players have gained more credit than Fred and Ernest Libby. Certainly their speed and fine jumping have brought the first and third teams out of many a crisis. The work of Wilkinson has always been applauded, his leadership being without faults. With his determination and skill we have had reason to be proud of our team, and we are very glad to hear that he is organizing a baseball team at Scarboro High School.

Scarboro won from the Biddeford to the tune of 55 to 0. Gilman's field goals from the center were phenomenal in this game as in several others this season.

The girls have organized a basketball team, and much interest is being shown in their work. Their team is also known as the Scarboro Athletic Club or Scarboro Athletics. Ethel Higgins is Captain and Ella Litchfield, Manager. Three games have been played. The first was between the two divisions.

The line-up was as follows:

White Sox	Black Sox
Mary Hudson, r.f.	r.f., Ethel Higgins
Ella Litchfield, l.f.	l.f., Nellie Hudson
Hazel Johnson, r.b.	r.b., Cora Hudson
Bessie Myers, l.b.	l.b. Georgia Wentworth,
Annie Peterson, s.c.	s.c., c. Gladys Urquhart
Elva Gilman, c.	c., s.c., Ruth Johnson

Summary:

Goals from field, N. Hudson 5, Litchfield 3, Higgins. Goals from foul, Urquhart, Gilman. Score, White Sox 7, Black Sox 9. Referee Libby. Linesmen, Libby and Higgins.

The girls team lost to Westbrook at the Seminary by the score of 10 to 2. The Scarboro girls defeated Old Orchard at the Town Hall by the score of 12 to 5, Feb. 28. The teams play the return games with Westbrook, Saturday, March 8, and with Old Orchard, March 6. We certainly wish the girls success in these and in the games planned between Freeport and Thornton Academy.

In Springfield, Mass., in 1892, a man, named James Naismith found great sport in having two peach baskets nailed at each end of the room and trying to throw a ball into them. He invited his friends to join in the sport and they also were delighted. Mr. Naismith wondered why it was that he could not make a game of this. Finally his plans became known to every one, and what started in fun became a very popular game. The first game ever played took place at the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. building at Springfield.

Alumni

1908. Mrs. Maud Johnson Bennett, visited the High School recently.
Ralph Johnson, is attending school at the Boston Technical School.
1909. Kenneth H. Berry, who is employed by the General Electrical Company, at Lynn, Mass., was a recent visitor at this place.
1910. Esther E. Libby, was graduated from Gorham Normal last June.
1911. Gladys M. Waterhouse, was married during the summer to Herbert Rice.
1912. Arlene V. Harmon is teaching school at Durham, Maine.
Pearl E. Higgins is teaching school at Pleasant Hill.
Lucien T. Libby is attending school at Hebron Academy.
Herbert Greene is at home this winter.

Pond Cove Farm

At the Fairs

Our Bull, **De Kol Cremelle Pontiac Butter Boy** won first at Bangor, Lewiston and Waterville, not only in his own class as "Aged Bull" but also when shown in combination with other animals, best herd, class, etc.

His get, bulls, heifer calves, and breeders young herd also took first at those fairs, whenever shown.

In the butter fat contest, **POND COVE FARM** used in the four cow class:

- 1 Full age cow, fresh 13 weeks previous to fairs.
- 1 Three-year old, fresh 6 weeks previous to fairs.
- 1 Two-year old, fresh 16 weeks previous to fairs.
- 1 Two-year old, fresh 29 weeks previous to fairs.

With these four cows in competition with fresh full age cows of every dairy breed, we won first at these fairs on butter fat production.

If you want stock from a herd that has form as well as dairy qualities, we can supply your wants.

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One of the most popular hotels along the Coast of Maine
Situating at Dunstan Corner, nine miles from Portland; four
miles from Old Orchard.

Cars pass door every half hour.

Below is the following .75 menu:

<i>Steamed Clams</i>	<i>Lobster Stew</i>
<i>Fried Clams and Potatoes</i>	<i>Hot Rolls</i>
<i>Pickles and Olives</i>	
<i>Sherbet</i>	
<i>Plain Lobster</i>	<i>Lobster Salad</i>
<i>Ice Cream, Cake and Coffee</i>	

M. E. MOULTON, Proprietor

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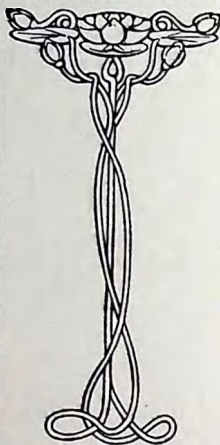
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